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FIGHTIN' MARINES

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FIGHTIN' MARINES

NO. 111
JUNE
CDC

ONLY 20¢

UK 6p

I'M ORDERING YOU TO COME BACK, MURRAY!

NO WAY! SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE OUT THERE!

HELP! HELP ME, JOE!

VOICE FROM NO MAN'S LAND!

93000

WHILE LEADING HIS MARINE PLATOON UP THE FLANK OF HILL 277...

LIEUTENANT MIKE DENKOWSKY STARTED ACROSS OPEN GROUND...

RATATA

RATATA

AND THE HIDDEN CHICOM MACHINE GUN OPENED UP!

VIP

VIP VIP

AT LEAST EIGHT OF THE 3RD PLATOON WERE CAUGHT WITHOUT COVER....

WARREN SATTLER

AND THE LIEUTENANT KNEW THEIR DEATHS WOULD BE *HIS FAULT!*

HE DIDN'T DIVE FOR COVER... INSTEAD, HE CHARGED THE COMMIE MACHINE GUN!

TAKE COVER, YOU GUYS!

GET DOWN! START FIRING AT THAT M.G.

RATATATATAT

RATATAT

VIP VIP VIP

ZING

PING

D-3974

ONE ROUND FOR THE MEDICS!

COME ON! THE SKIPPER'S TAKING THE GUN ALL BY *HIMSELF!*

FIGHTIN' MARINES

FIGHTIN' MARINES Vol. 5, No. 111, June, 1973,
published every six weeks by Charlton Press, Inc., at Charlton Building, Dyisson St., Derby, Conn. 06418. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. © Copyright 1973 Charlton Press, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 20¢ per copy. Subscription $1.60 annually. Printed in U. S. A. Geo. Wildman, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

nomscans

LEAVE A COUPLE FOR US, SKIPPER!

SIT DOWN, SIR... WE'LL GET SOME STRETCHER BEARERS UP HERE!

I'LL WALK BACK, ACE! YOU TELL THE CAPT. TO FIND...

A NEW PLATOON LEADER!

I'VE HAD IT...

WHEN MIKE DENKOWSKY CAME TO, HIS LEFT ARM WAS BANDAGED AND STRAPPED TO HIS CHEST...HIS RIGHT SIDE WAS NUMB AND THERE WAS A COMPRESS ON IT! AND HE WAS BEING CARRIED...

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME, MEDIC?

AID STATION AT CHECKPOINT BAKER NINE, SIR!

WELL, LIEUTENANT, YOUR BLEEDING HAS STOPPED! I'LL TICKET YOU FOR SURGERY AT SEOUL! THE TRUCK WILL BE HERE FOR YOU GUYS IN AN HOUR...MAYBE LESS!

THANKS, DOC...

BLAM!

ZING!

THE DOCTOR, CAPT. A.V. DONATO, TURNS TO WALK AWAY... AND THERE WAS THE SICKENING SOUND OF METAL SMASHING INTO FLESH...

HIT THE GRIT!

THE BUSH-WHACKER'S AT IT AGAIN!

VIP!

SNIPER UP THERE! WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE GET HIM?

TAKE COVER, SERGEANT... HE...

HE WON'T FIRE AGAIN, SIR... HE USUALLY SQUEEZES OFF THREE ROUNDS, THEN QUITS WHILE HE'S AHEAD!

THE SNIPER DELIBERATELY SHOOTS AT DOCTORS... I THOUGHT EVEN THE COMMIES OBSERVED THE BAN ON KILLING MEDICS AT WORK!

THE CONVOY'S ON ITS WAY TO GET THE WOUNDED, SIR!

THE CONVOY WAS SPOTTED BY SOMEONE ELSE!

FWONK!

WHUMP!

BOOM!

YOU CRUMMY BUNCH OF CREEPS!

THEY'LL GET Y-- UNGH!

POW

POW POW

DON'T STAND UP, LIEUTENANT...THAT GOOK ON THE HILL WILL SHOOT ANYTHING THAT WALKS...ESPECIALLY MEDICS AND OFFICERS!

LET HIM SHOOT...IT'LL GIVE ME A BETTER LINE ON *WHERE TO FIND HIM!*

4.

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

IF YOU'RE GOIN' AFTER THAT **MURDERIN' COMMIE**, YOU'D BETTER **TAKE THIS ALONG!**

THANKS, SERGEANT! TELL THE MEDICS **I'LL BE BACK!**

THIS PATH LEADS AROUND THE WESTERN FLANK OF THIS HILL! THOSE SHOTS CAME FROM THE SUMMIT... NORTH AND EAST OF **ME!**

HE'S AT IT **AGAIN!** **SOMEBODY'S** GOT TO **STOP HIM!**

CRACK

I GUESS I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN!

LT. DENKOWSKY REACHED THE TOP, A QUARTER OF A MILE EAST OF THE SNIPER!

HE FIRES A FEW ROUNDS, THEN CRAWLS BACK IN HIS HOLE

THE *MEDICS* HAD RADIOED BACK... ASKING FOR *HELP!* BEGGING FOR SOMEONE TO GET THE SNIPER... AND A NAVY SKYRAIDER ANSWERED THE **S.O.S.**

AH ROGER GREEN-SLEEVES ABLE... AM PROCEEDING TO HILL **263** TO PUT YOUR SKUNK *OUT OF BUSINESS!*

PISTON-ENGINE... *PLANE!*

SOUNDS LIKE A *SKYRAIDER!*

IT'S ABOUT TIME *THE NAVY* GOT BACK INTO *THE WAR!* HELL FIX THE *BUSHWHACKER* IN A *HURRY!*

HERE HE COMES!

NOT *NO! ME!*

I'M WITH YOU, YOU DUMMY!

GREEN-SLEEVES ABLE...

THE TARGET I FIRED AT IS...

ONE OF OURS!

USN

!

NICE GOING, SWABBIE!

THE MARINE OFFICER CRAWLED OVER THE ROCKY RIDGE...FOR AN HOUR, AS THE SHADOWS GREW LONG, HE DIDN'T HEAR A SOUND, THEN ONCE MORE THAT RIFLE ROARED...

BLAM!

AAAAGGH!! WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE STOP THAT GUY!

THE LIEUTENANT WENT UP THERE, MEDIC! HE WAS HURT PRETTY BAD... HE MIGHT BE DEAD BY NOW!

MIKE DENKOWSKY WANTED TO GIVE UP... HE WANTED TO JUST LIE STILL AND SLEEP... EVEN THOUGH HE KNEW HE'D NEVER WAKE UP!

HE'S GOTTA BE CLOSE BY... I HEARD THE RIFLE FROM AROUND HERE!

HE'S GOT TO BE HERE SOMEWHERE... I CAN SMELL GUNPOWDER... HE *IS* CLOSE BY!

AS DENKOWSKY RESTED AND SEARCHED FOR HIS ENEMY, THE CHINESE SNIPER SLID SLOWLY OUT OF HIS CREVICE...HE SNAPPED OPEN THE BREECH, SLIDING A FRESH SHELL INTO THE RIFLE! THAT'S WHEN LT. DENKOWSKY KNEW HE WASN'T ALONE!

THERE HE IS...GETTIN' READY TO KILL SOME-ONE ELSE!

CLICK!

DROP IT, COMMIE!

BLAM!

BAM!

HEY LOOK!

IT'S THE LIEUTENANT!

AND HE'S GOT THE SNIPER'S RIFLE!

THEN DENKOWSKY **COLLAPSED!** THE MEDICS WERE READY TO COME UP AND GET HIM FOR THE LONG CARRY HOME BUT SOME-ONE ELSE HAD A BETTER IDEA! THEY SENT A CHOPPER!

The End

Magruder saw better days

SGT. AX MAGRUDER WAS A DRILL INSTRUCTOR IN CAMP LEJEUNE WHEN THE JAPS BOMBED PEARL HARBOR...BUT HE GOT OUT OF THAT AND INTO THE FIRST MARINES IN TIME TO HIT THE BEACH AT TARAWA! HE HAD A SIMPLE WAY TO KEEP HIS MARINES ON THE BALL....

ON YOUR FEET, HINKLEY... YOU EITHER FIGHT THE JAPS...OR ME!

HINKLEY BETTER FIGHT THE JAPS.... MAGRUDER WALLOPED ME THE OTHER DAY AND I *STILL* FEEL IT!

RATATAT

VIP

NICHOLAS ALASCIA

FOLLOW ME!

GET UP THERE BEFORE MAGRUDER DOES THE JOB ALL BY HIMSELF!

D-3971

MAGRUDER'S GONNA GET HURT THIS TIME!

NO HE AIN'T, SHULTZIE...THERE'S ONLY THREE JAPS ON HIM THIS TIME!

HE JUST BUSTED THE JAP'S ARM!

NEXT TIME I GET TO DO ALL THE FIGHTIN', I'LL ACCOMMODATE YOU BOOTS WHEN I GET THE CHANCE! YOU READ ME?

LOUD AN' CLEAR, D.I.!

MAGRUDER STORMED ACROSS TARAWA...THE JAPS WERE DUG IN IN PILLBOXES...THEY HAD MACHINE GUNS SCIENTIFICALLY SITUATED....

COVER FOR ME, YOU GUYS!

RATATAT

I GOT SOMETHIN' FOR YA, TOJO!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

JUMP

I WISH HE'D SIMMER DOWN...EVERY TIME I GET A FOXHOLE DUG, HE KNOCKS OUT A PILLBOX OR AN M.G. AND WE MOVE UP AGAIN!

TOMORROW YOU GUYS BETTER JOIN THE WAR! I'M GETTIN' THE IDEA YOU DON'T LIKE FIGHTIN' THE *JAPS*..

...SO MAYBE YOU'D LIKE A BEEF WITH *ME!*

I'LL BE WATCHIN' YOU CATS *TOMORROW!* I WANTA SEE YOU *MOVE!*

MAGRUDER'S SQUAD WERE TIGERS THE NEXT DAY...AND, WHEN THE DUST OF BATTLE SETTLED ON TARAWA, THEY'D DONE THEIR SHARE OF FIGHTING PLUS A LITTLE MORE!

SGT. MAGRUDER, YOU AND YOUR SQUAD DID A GREAT JOB!

WE'LL GET BETTER AS WE GO ALONG, SKIPPER!

THEN, THEY PULLED OUT OF TARAWA...THAT BLOOD-DRENCHED ATOLL WHERE SO MANY MARINES HAD DIED!

CAPTAIN DANELL! MADE MAGRUDER PLATOON SERGEANT ...MAYBE WE'LL GET HIM OFF OUR BACKS!

I LOST A COUPLE GOOD MEN ON BETIO ISLAND....MAYBE I PUSHED 'EM TOO HARD!

I BEEN LEANIN' ON THEM... SOME OF THEM NEED TO BE PRODDED! I DON'T BLAME THEM FOR HATIN' MY GUTS!

THEN, THEY WERE BACK DRILLING HOUR AFTER HOUR, ...PRACTICING WITH THE BAYONET....FIRING THEIR M1'S ON THE RIFLE RANGE!

IF I WAS A JAP, I'D PRAY FOR MARINES LIKE YOU, BUDDY! GIMME THAT WEAPON!

HEY, LOOK! MAGRUDER GOT FOUR FOR FOUR IN THE BULL!

POW POW POW POW

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

BUT MAGRUDER WAS RUNNING OUT OF STEAM! HE'D OUTSLUGGED A HUNDRED MARINES IN HIS TIME....NOW, A REPLACEMENT CHALLENGED THE BUSTED-KNUCKLED SERGEANT ONCE AGAIN!

I HEAR TELL YOU'RE THE TOUGHEST, HAIRIEST MARINE TO EVER COME ALONG, MAGRUDER! ME, I DOUBT IT...YOU DON'T LOOK TOUGH TO ME.

I'VE HAD A TOUGH DAY, CHOLINSKY! JUST RUN ALONG AND I'LL FORGET YOU EVER SAID THAT!

I AIN'T RUNNIN', MAGRUDER!

YOU AIN'T TURNIN' CHICKEN, ARE YA, PLATOON SERGEANT?

YUH'RE ASKIN' FOR IT, CHOLINSKY!

SPLAT

MAGRUDER'S TAKIN' HIS LUMPS! FIRST TIME I EVER SEEN HIM LIKE THIS!

SLAM

CHOLINSKY DID IT!

WORD RAN THROUGH BATTALION....A MUSCLE-BOUND BOOT HAD PUT MIGHTY MAGRUDER DOWN!

WHAT HAPPENED, MAGRUDER? YOU LOSING YOUR TOUCH?

HE'S *FAST*, SKIPPER....I COULDN'T STOP THE PUNCHES!

MAGRUDER, THIS IS A DIRECT ORDER! GO TO SICK BAY! DR. FEINBERG WILL BE WAITING. I WANT HIM TO CHECK YOU OUT!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

AT SICK BAY, DR. FEINBERG TOOK BLOOD SAMPLES.... HE GAVE HIM A FULL READ-OUT AND...

THIS IS DUMB, SKIPPER! I AIN'T SICK!

I DIDN'T ASK DOC FEINBERG IF YOU'RE SICK...I ASKED THE NURSE AND SHE SAYS YOU HAVEN'T ASKED FOR A DATE..THAT MEANS YOU'RE SICK!

HEY, SARGE?

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, CHOLINSKY?

SPIVAK TOLD ME I COULDN'T LAY A FIST ON YA IF YA WASN'T SICK SO I OFFERED HIM OUTSIDE! SPIVAK BOUNCED ME ALL OVER THE PLACE!

AN' SPIVAK SEZ YOU CAN BEAT HIM AND ANY THREE OTHER GUYS IN THE OUTFIT WHEN YA FEEL OKAY! I JUST WANTED TO TELL YA I'M SORRY I FOUGHT YA WHEN YA WEREN'T FEELIN' OKAY!

I'LL SEE YOU SOME OTHER TIME!

OUT OF THE HOSPITAL, MAGRUDER STILL WASN'T HIS OLD SELF...HE DRILLED HIS PLATOON...GOT READY FOR THE NEXT INVASION...BUT HE WASN'T HIS OLD SELF!

PLATOOON.... HALT!

SERGEANT!

WHAT'S WRONG, AX?

I DUNNO, SKIPPER! I HAD A TOOTH-ACHE...BUT THAT SHOULDN'T HAVE ME TIRED OUT LIKE THIS!

MAGRUDER WAS PLATOON SERGEANT WHEN THE BATTALION STORMED ASHORE AT SAIPAN IN JUNE, 1944....

TRY TA MAKE IT ASHORE....

MAGRUDER SOUNDS LIKE HE'S READY TO QUIT!

PAZ

MAGRUDER'S DOWN.... TELL LT. HUNTER.... I'LL TAKE OVER FOR HIM!

THEY WERE PINNED DOWN ON THE BEACH BUT SGT. MAGRUDER DIDN'T KNOW IT...HE HAD PASSED OUT!

WE'RE PINNED DOWN...CAN'T MOVE...SIXTY PERCENT CASUALTIES! WE NEED COVERING FIRE...TRY TO GET THE JAP M.G.S.

WE MAY GET SHOVED BACK INTO THE WATER IF WE DON'T GET HELP!

PINNED DOWN, HE SAYS... THE OUTFIT MIGHT GET WIPED OUT!

IT'S A LEGEND IN THE MARINE CORPS NOW...SGT. AX MAGRUDER GOT TO HIS FEET....STAGGERING, TOO WEAK TO MOVE FAST...AND STARTED TOWARD THE NEAREST JAP M.G.! THE GUNNERS TOOK A MINUTE TO GET HIM IN THEIR SIGHTS...A MINUTE TOO LONG!

MAGRUDER GOT THE M.G.! COME ON!

POW POW POW

SUDDENLY, THEY TURNED IT ALL AROUND! THE MARINES WENT LIKE TIGERS FOR THE NEXT GUN.....

MEDIC! MAGRUDER'S HIT...HE GOT A BURST IN THE CHEST!

MAGRUDER LIVED...AND HE LIVED WITHOUT SIX ABCESSED TEETH THAT HAD BEEN SLOWLY POISONING HIM FOR MONTHS!

NOW WE KNOW, MAGRUDER...YOUR TEETH WERE INFECTED...YOU WERE WAY BELOW PAR EVER SINCE WE LEFT TARAWA!

I KNOW, SKIPPER...I CAN'T WAIT TO GET OUTA HERE... TELL THE GOOF-OFFS I'M COMIN' BACK!

END

SAM SPOLO
The
SPY
SMASHER

KNITTED KNOTS

My name is Sam Spolo and officially I do not exist. My task is a definite one. To help our government and those of the friendly nations to fight the spy systems of the enemy powers. And also any agency of the United States may call upon me for help. When needed, I have unlimited powers and all the money we must have for a given operation. My assistant at the present time is Ben Manners.

They had just opened a new bird house at the Zoo and the two of us were headed in that direction. Until we heard the siren of a police car and the hand signal to pull to the curb. Which we did. And then to our surprise, General Walter Thompson stepped out of the car.

"Follow this car," he told me. "We have a first rate headache on our hands."

Half an hour later the three of us were seated in an office at Police Headquarters. Facing inspector Carey who explained matters to me.

"Mrs. Helen Winsor was a retired school teacher. Lived all by herself in a two room apartment. She was killed at three A. M. this morning. By a man whom we haven't as yet identified. He was chased by two officers. Fired at them and was killed in the exchange of gunfire. What did he steal from his victim? A newly knitted scarf which is on my desk. What is so important about it that he killed one person and risked his life for it?

My men have been busy gathering information. And this is what we have learned up to this present moment. Yesterday she returned home very much excited. Told the superintendent's wife she thought she had uncovered a big spy ring that worked in a unique way. She wanted to be sure before she called the authorities. From her next door neighbor we learned she would go every day to a sort of knitting club. A very friendly place. Served tea and cookies. A chance for men to meet women. The best knitters were given special assignments. To knit scarves or sweaters. According to a pattern of knots. She did tell her neighbor she had seen them burning the patterns. Now can you take it from there?"

"Give me the address of this knitting club or whatever is is called," I said. "And I will figure out a way of getting to them."

And three hours later, armed with the credentials I needed, I was outside the door of the knitting club. I knocked and a woman opened the door.

"What do you want?" she asked. "I am busy giving knitting instructions."

"City License Inspector," I informed her. "You must have a license to operate any kind of club or instruction class. And you must conform with the fire regulations. Here is my authorization to check on you."

"So come in and watch us," she smiled. "And you can even have tea and cookies with us."

Brother, that was one big false smile that I easily recognized. I watched the men and women knit. Could see the learners from the amateurs. I remained there for an hour and then left. Went to my car and talked to Ben Manners.

"Get a floor plan of the outfit. Then go upstairs to the people above them. A real estate outfit. Check them out. Drill holes and observe. Get a wire tap order. Then we are in business."

Before nightfall, General Walter Thompson gave me what he had learned about the scarf.

"The knots and their distance were a code. Two of our experts broke it without any trouble. So they send orders by scarves and sweaters to their agents. And the people knit it from a pattern. Give them enough rope and they will lead us to the top people."

By the next day we learned from the wire tap that they were worried. The man they had sent out to get the scarf hadn't as yet returned. And we had sent a woman to the deceased teacher's apartment. She informed a "caller" that the occupant had gone to San Francisco to see a sick sister.

And at the end of the third day they were getting more and more worried. The end of the trail led to the Embassy of a certain country that had as its objective our destruction in one way or another. We had also learned from the Post Office officials that they had mailed packages - insured! So we were actually handed a good list of their agents here and abroad. We ended up with thirty-two arrests and broke a well organized spy ring. Thanks to a woman who was smart enough to realize something was wrong. And unfortunately paid for it with her life.

DOWN THIS ROAD ON THE MARNE... U.S. MARINES MARCHED TO THEIR FIRST ACTION AGAINST THE GERMANS IN WORLD WAR 1! THIS WAS TRENCH WARFARE, AND THE SHELL-TORN, FLAME-WITHERED LAND BETWEEN THE TRENCHES WAS MADE HIDEOUS BY TANGLED BARB WIRE IN WHICH A GERMAN OR AMERICAN SOLDIER COULD GET ENTANGLED! THIS TINY STRIP OF HELL WAS CALLED — 'NO-MAN'S LAND'... AND DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, MEN DIED.. OF SHELL-FIRE, MACHINE GUN BULLETS, OR MOST HORRIBLY OF ALL, OF THE LETHAL POISON GAS THAT CAME INTO USE IN THAT INSANE WAR...

THE U.S. MARINES WERE IN FRANCE EARLY IN 1918.. AND CPL. JOE MURRAY OF NEWARK, N.J., WAS ONE OF THE MEN WEARING GAS MASKS IN THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE!

GIDEON IS GETTING POISON GAS IN HIS LUNGS.. HE'LL DIE IF I DON'T GET HIM BACK TO OUR POSITION!

THE VOICE FROM NO-MAN'S LAND

D-3978

CRUMMY KRAUT!

MURRAY'S OUT THERE.. GIVE HIM COVERING FIRE..

GET A MASK ON THAT MAN!

A BREEZE FROM THE WEST WAS BLOWING... AND THE MUSTARD GAS SLOWLY DRIFTED ACROSS THE LINES BACK TOWARD THE GERMANS WHO HAD FIRED THE MUSTARD GAS SHELLS..

I HEARD GIDEON MOANING OUT THERE.. I THOUGHT MAYBE THE KRAUTS WOULD HOLD OFF AND LET ME BRING HIM BACK.. BUT THEY NEVER DO US ANY FAVORS!

YEH.. THE SOONER WE LEARN THAT.. THE BETTER!

THEN IT WAS QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT.. THE GERMANS MANNED THEIR GUNS AND KEPT THEIR GAS MASKS HANDY IN THEIR TRENCHES, WHILE THE YANKS, BRITISH, AND FRENCH DID THE SAME ON THEIR SIDE...

JOE! HELP ME!

SARGE! DID YOU HEAR THAT?

YEAH.. BUT NOBODY'S GOING OUT THERE, MURRAY! THAT'S A KRAUT!

DID YOU EVER HEAR A GERMAN WITH A BROOKLYN ACCENT, SARGE? I'M GOIN' OUT FOR HIM!

HOLD IT, CORPORAL!

THE KRAUTS WON'T SHOOT YA, MURRAY.. I WILL IF YA DISOBEY A DIRECT ORDER IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY!

PLEASE, JOE.. I GOT ONE IN THE GUT.. IT'S KILLING ME!

FUNNY.. THAT GUY DOES SOUND AMERICAN!

COVER FOR ME... I'LL GO SEE..

MY SLEEVE... CAUGHT ON THE BARBED WIRE...

NOW IT'S LOOSE..

CPL. MURRAY JUST HEARD THE TINKLE OF LITTLE BELLS THE GERMANS HAD HUNG ON THE WIRE! THE KRAUTS WERE LISTENING AND...

ACHTUNG! FEUER!

RATTTTTTTTTT

THE SARGE WAS RIGHT... IT WAS A TRAP!

I SEE MURRAY OUT THERE!

MURRAY! GET DOWN!

I'M GOING AFTER THAT GUN!

THE GERMANS WERE ALERT FOR AN ATTACK ..THEY SAW NO WAVE OF 'TEUFELHUNDTS' OR DEVIL DOGS AS THE GERMANS CALLED THE U.S. MARINES! NONE OF THEM NOTICED CPL. MURRAY SNAKE ALONE BENEATH THE WIRE AS SHELLS EXPLODED EVERY-WHERE!

TEUFEL HUNDTS?

I'LL GET SOME ARTILLERY DIVERSION!

NEIN! NO ATTACK TONIGHT!

I'VE GOT TO GET BACK IN MY LINE BY DAYLIGHT!

I SPENT TEN YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES LIVING IN BROOKLYN.. WHEN I CALL OUT FOR HELP, THE STUPID SCHWEINHUNDTS BELIEVE IT IS ONE OF THEIR OWN!

IN THE PAST MONTH WE HAVE KILLED MANY FOOLISH AMERIKANERS IN THIS WAY!

HE'S THE ONE WHO SUCKERED ME OUT HERE.. I KNOW THAT VOICE!

I'LL PUT ON MY ACT ONCE MORE..TOO BAD YOU MEN DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH... I REALLY SOUND LIKE A BROOKLYN DUMBKOPF!

SOMEBODY HELP ME! HEY, YOU GUYS... I'M A MARINE... YA GOT TO GET ME A MEDIC!

HEY, JOE.. I NEED WATER.. HELP ME!

I'LL HELP YA, BUDDY!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

..LIKE THIS!

GOTT IM HIMMEL!

EIN GRENADE!

THE GRENADE LEVELED THE MACHINE GUN SQUAD..AND CPL. MURRAY LEAPED IN TO TAKE IT OVER! HE SWUNG IT RIGHT TO COVER THE GERMAN TRENCHES AND BEGAN BLASTING AWAY..THE STREAM OF BULLETS RIPPING DOWN THE UNPROTECTED GULLIES....

THAT GUN AIN'T FIRIN' TOWARD US..COME ON MARINES...

HOLD YOUR FIRE, SARGE ..THESE KRAUTS HAD ENOUGH!

LATER:

YA WERE LUCKY, MURRAY..I STILL SAY YA WERE A SUCKER TO GO OUT IN 'NO MAN'S LAND'!

GIDEON'S ALIVE, SARGE.. MAYBE I'LL BE SUCKERED ONCE IN A WHILE.. BUT ANY TIME I HEAR A VOICE FROM NO MAN'S LAND ASKIN' FOR HELP...I'LL GO OUT THERE!

THE END.